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Abraham Lincoln as I Knew Him.

The Closing Article in Our Series of Reminiscences by General Howard. The Other Articles Treated General Grant, General Lee, and the Battle of Gettysburg.

By the late Major-General O. O. Howard, LL. D.



SOON after the battle of Antietam, while my division (the Second Division of the Second Army Corps) was on its march from Sharpsburg to Harpers Ferry, President Lincoln with his friend General McClelland of Illinois and a few others visited that battle-field.

For some reason, whenever I recall the scenes of that well-remembered neighborhood, through which the small river which gives its name to the struggle between Lee and McClelland winds its way, I begin to say to myself:

"On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery."

What impresses me is the contrast. I stood with Sedgwick on the slope north of the little river the afternoon before the battle. How charming the scenery we beheld, the broad and beautiful valley, the glorious mountains to the east more pronounced in the declining sunlight, the groupings of groves and woods dotting the extensive meadows, and the temporary brilliant adornment of an army of men! That was a peaceful scene. The Antietam was flowing quietly along to increase the rougher waters of the Potomac, unmindful of the future.

But oh! at the same hour the next day all was changed. The Antietam saw another sight.

The horrors of it I will not try to denier. The stream was muddy

Eliphalet Whittlesey, riding off to carry an important order from McClelland—Whittlesey was an elegant horseman—said to Mr. Lincoln, "That man is a parson."

Mr. Lincoln took a good look at Whittlesey's handsome figure, and noticed how well he managed his horse. "Parson, parson!" he said without a smile. "He looks more like a cavalier."

When we came to the brow of the hill, where we looked down the deep and narrow ravine in which we saw the famous engine-house that John Brown held and defended before his surrender, a locomotive engine named "The Flying Dutchman" ran along the railway track with great speed, passing the engine-house and disappearing in the distance. The smoke of it floating back and the singular high-keyed screech of its whistle reached Mr. Lincoln's attention. He was doubtless thinking of John Brown's raid.

"What's that?" he asked.

Some one answered, "That's the Flying Dutchman."

"I think it should be named 'The Skeered Virginian,'" he replied.

The most of the time during our ride to and from the review on the plateau near London Heights he was talking much as

if he was before a large audience, his voice at a high key, but with a very serious, sad expression on his face.

Once he noticed a large stump of a tree recently felled. He explained the difference between the manner of cutting down the large trees there in Virginia and out West in Illinois. "We in Illinois used to have a narrow spring-board thinned down like a wedge at one end so as to drive it into a clean cross-cut made with the axe—standing on the board and cutting the tree higher up, leaving more stump."

McClelland kept close to the President all the time. I have thought it was to him that Mr. Lincoln made the remark about the brand of liquor that Grant was accused of drinking. He asked jocosely, "What brand of whiskey does Grant take?"

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, do you wish to know that?"

He said, "O, I thought I should like to give some barrels of it to some of my other generals." McClelland of Illinois himself was an able man, but somewhat self-conscious and positively hostile to Grant.

To me it has always appeared a marvel that Mr. Lincoln could have so many devoted friends and keep them, when they were forever ready to knife one another.

Stanton and Chase were marked examples.

At one time Stanton said to me: "You cannot trust Chase. He has two sorts of intimates, the very good and the very bad. But he never allows these opposites to see each other." But, as with McClelland and Grant, Lincoln always managed to have both as his friends and helpers in the war.

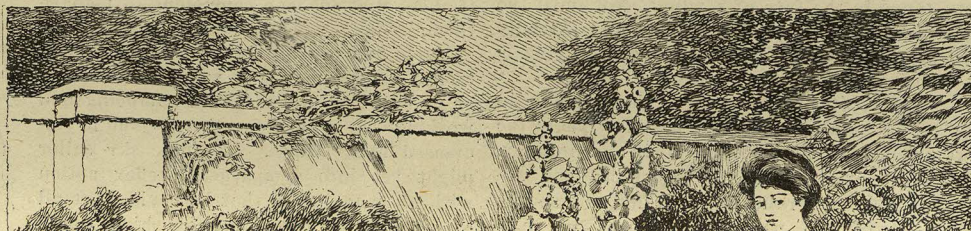
After his labors at Antietam and Harpers Ferry, and expressing an earnest hope that we would soon be ready again for a more vigorous campaign, Mr. Lincoln rode back to Washington.

I had considerable malarial or bilious fever in my system; and, feeling very sure that McClelland would not move for some time, I asked and obtained a leave of absence of twenty days, and went northward. At Philadelphia I was so much restored that I really felt ashamed to go farther; but the attraction of my family then at Augusta, Me., was so great that I ran up there, and stayed a few days.

When I returned to duty, McClelland and the army had moved. I joined him near Warrenton, Va. He received me in his tent with great cordiality, and joked me because I had brought them that disabling snow-storm from Maine.

That very night the news came to him, and soon to all of us, that Mr. Lincoln had relieved him from the Army of the Potomac and appointed General A. G. Burnside in his place.

Great sorrow filled all our hearts as McClelland with Burnside reviewed our columns the day following the publication of the order. And I know that Lincoln loved McClelland.



and bloody; the groves and woods were different; cannon-balls and tearing shells had spoiled the trees, and the ground far and near was covered with slain men and wounded comrades, with broken batteries and wrecks of wagons and timbers. Like the men who rode or drove them, the splendid horses and faithful mules had fallen, some yet alive and suffering, but the most scattered far and near, large and swollen, to deface the ground and render the air oppressive.

With my division I was to stay behind the army and bury the horses and mules and the fallen men, friend and foe alike. No breezes favored the grewsome task; the air was misty and heavy and horrible.

Mr. Lincoln came along in time to hear, see, and feel all this that I can but faintly describe.

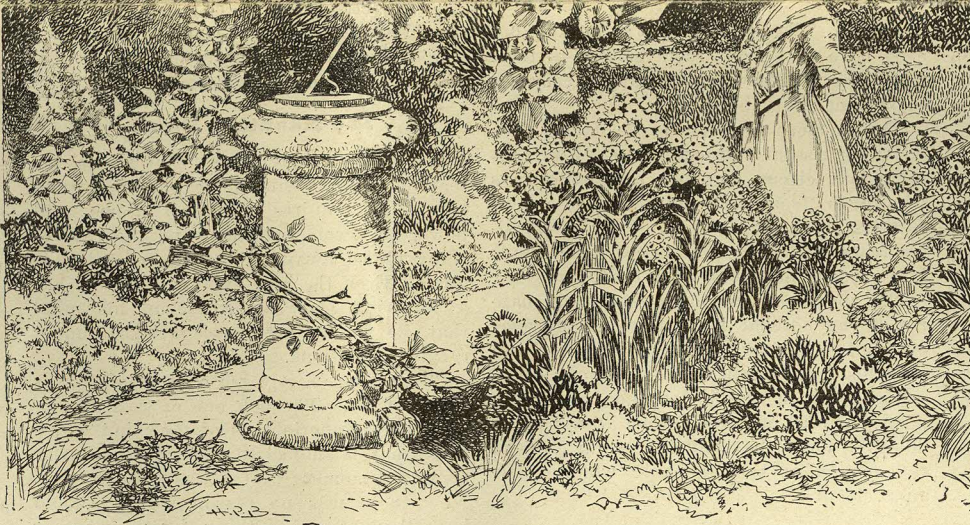
He was dreadfully affected. The victory was not much of a victory; Lee had escaped, and our losses were beyond compute.

It is said that Lincoln here promised the Lord to send out his proclamation of freedom to the slaves which appeared three months later. He did not then feel satisfied with McClellan, but he hastened on to Harpers Ferry to get McClellan's reasons for delays, to look over his troops and supplies, and see whether he as president could help him.

My division-commander, General John Sedgwick, was wounded, and had gone to his home with his sisters in Connecticut; and so his command came to me. As division-commander I rode with McClellan and the President.

Though ill and feverish from my last work in the polluted, murky atmosphere of the battle-field, yet I greatly desired this privilege, and braced myself to go through with the parades and inspections that followed.

Mr. Lincoln was very serious during this visit to Harpers Ferry. A staff-officer who had some foolish contempt for ministers of the gospel, noticing my adjutant, Major



In the Garden.

By *Martha Haskell Clark.*

Down the grassy garden path Doris came a-straying,
Little breezes, blossom-sweet, in her brown hair playing.

Past the banks of snowy phlox,
Gayly bannered hollyhocks,
Through the long, green lines of box,
Doris tripped a-maying.

To the dial's mossy edge came she, shy advancing,
With the summer sunbeams' gold in her brown eyes dancing
Leaned her white arms on the stone
Lichen-streaked and overgrown,
Raised her brown eyes to my own,
Shyly upward glancing.

What she whispered to me there, when the dusk came creeping,
Closed the poppies' prying eyes, left them all a-sleeping;
Just one fragrant, blood-red rose
Close beside the dial grows;
She alone our secret knows;
In her heart is keeping.

Hanover, N. H.

this was a case in which judgment and patriotism overruled the affection of Mr. Lincoln's heart; and he, who was a great captain, thus carried the struggle for the restoration of the Union one step further toward the final victory which Mr. Lincoln felt confident would surely come.

O. O. Howard

How She Earned Her Dollar.

By *Rev. Edward B. Bagby.*

THE Ladies' Aid Society of a prominent church in Kansas City decided before adjournment for the summer that each member should earn a dollar during vacation, and at the opening meeting in the fall should tell how it was made.

A few days later the pastor, Rev. Dr. R., and his wife started upon their vacation tour. Mrs. R. was perplexed about how to earn her dollar. Away from home there would be no wedding fees or opportunities to pinch the market-basket or dicker with the ragman.

But, where there is wit, there is always a way. As they reached their first stopping-place, Mrs. R. said: "Now, my dear, I have been going with you on vacation trips for many years, and have heard you tell over and over your stories, and have always laughed at the right place, as a dutiful wife should. But this summer I must have pay. If there is no compensation, not a laugh, not even a smile, will you get from me."

The minister quickly capitulated. As they proceeded upon their journey, Dr. R. told with new zest his store of clerical tales, and these were punctuated by his wife with peals of *silvery* laughter. When they return to Kansas City, Mrs. R. will be able to add to the treasury of the Aid Society, and Dr. R. has already added one good one to his stock of stories.

Fort Smith, Ark.